

PHILADELPHIA



REPOSITORY,

AND

WEEKLY REGISTER.

PRINTED BY DAVID HOGAN, NO. 51, SOUTH THIRD-STREET, NEARLY OPPOSITE THE UNITED STATES' BANK.

Where Subscriptions, Advertisements and Literary Communications, will be Thankfully Received.

Saturday, June 25, 1803.

Romance of the Four Dervishes.

A PERSIAN TALE.

(CONTINUED.)

"FROM this time I never enjoyed a day's repose, and many a night did I pass lamenting his absence, without his ever once coming to comfort me. Growing impatient at last, I sent for him one night, but received for answer, that he was not at home. The fire of jealousy burned in my bosom; I pretended to go to bed; but the moment my nurse and attendants had retired to rest, I sprang up, and bent my way to his house. When I got there, I snatched one of his young females to my embrace, and entreated she would tell me the whole truth of the matter. She replied, 'He has fallen deeply in love with his fair slave, and to-night they have gone together to his garden, to enjoy each other's company, and the pleasures of the banquet.'

"Upon these words I was inflamed with rage; I scarcely knew what I did, and the world was as a dark cloud before me. I set out for the garden alone, and finding the door locked, I made search, and scrambled over a low part of the wall. By the light of the moon, which was then full, I saw them both in a state of intoxication, kissing and embracing each other: the sight almost drove me to distraction. I sat down behind a rose-bush, unable to support myself. The youth then taking hold of a flaggon, poured out wine, and sitting opposite to one another, they again renewed the banquet. Involuntarily these words broke from my lips:

"What have I done, that heaven is thus bent upon afflicting me?"

"Fate, night and day, pursues me with a rapid pace.

"What bad fortune can be worse than this, that another's banquet is illuminated by my lamp?"

"The slave instantly knowing the meaning of my words, threw the cup from her hand, and stretching it out to the young man, said, 'You have a wife, what avails your love for me? and why do you but render yourself and me miserable?' The young man, upon seeing me, exclaimed,—
"Princess, do you think you have purchased me by giving me houses and camels? I have given you and your house up; why do you not leave me to myself also?"

"Ungrateful wretch!" said I, "why do you never let me partake of your company?" "Your heart," said he, "will never be satisfied till I kill myself." And the malicious slave heightened his passion by her laughter. He pulled from his girdle a valuable dagger I had formerly given him, and made as if he would have stabbed himself. I rushed forward to seize his hand, and falling at his feet, bedewed them with my tears. "Let me be your sacrifice," cried I, "for your cruelty has killed me already." And upon these words he plunged his dagger into my side, and arms, and back, till I fainted away.

"I knew nothing farther till the day I found myself lying in a chest, and you beside me; but from this I conclude, that he had put me into it with the intention of secretly throwing me into the city ditch. My time, however, was not come: the chest fell upon the bank, and God Almighty made you the means of saving my life.

"Tho' the sword of the world should be drawn from its scabbard,

"I cannot cut a vein till it pleases God."

"You now see the reason why I took justice into my own hands, on the merchant and his slave; and why I retaliated upon him whom I had raised to such favour, and who treated me as you have heard, by treating him in the manner you have seen."

"Dervishes, I extolled the spirit and courage of that princess; and then asked her where she procured, in that one day, all the furniture and materials for the banquet, and how she conveyed them away again during the night: she replied, from her father's palace. 'How did you go there?' said I; 'what excuse did you make for your long absence? and how happened it that in all those days, search was never made for you?' 'I see,' said she, 'you are unacquainted with the custom of our kings, who go for six months of the year to the distant provinces, to amuse themselves with the pleasures of the chase. At that time my father was absent from Shaum, and my mother being a prudent and cautious woman, not wishing to make a noise about my absence, carried on the search for me in private, without success. When you went to invite the merchant to your entertainment, I put my veil over my head, and went to my father's palace. My mother was rejoiced to see me, and asked me where I had been. I replied, 'Mother, I have committed nothing improper, nor have I been absent from choice; and although some blame may be attached to me, yet I can assure you, there is no stain on my reputation.' Then kissing her hands and feet, I entreated she would allow me to be absent for two or three days more, and give me leave to get some things I wanted from the steward of the palace, promising at the end of that time to return, and give a faithful account of all my adventures."

My mother being extremely indulgent, and seeing me in good health, granted my request, giving orders, at the same time, that I should be furnished with whatever I wanted, and conveyed wherever I wished it. Upon this I returned to the house, thirsting to have my blood revenged; and having succeeded as you saw, I returned to my mother, leaving the servant to bring away the furniture and utensils.

"Dervishes, that adorable princess thus related her story, and then asked me if I was satisfied. I replied, 'O sun of the world of fidelity, my heart is more at ease that you are acquainted with its state. I have long passionately loved you, and you yourself know what it is to love.' When she heard these words, which were uttered with a flood of tears, and reflected upon what I had suffered for her, she kindly soothed my grief, and spoke thus: 'Alas! sir, I can see no remedy but this, that I again commit to your protection my reputation and good name. To remain with you in this city is impossible; we must, therefore, fly the province, and make our escape by getting into the deserts. Thus it was certainly written in the book of fate, and I obey my destiny. Be you in expectation of the time, and see what God will do for us.'

"O! dervishes, this discourse brought peace to my distracted heart. I remained in the steward's house for some days in anxious hopes, when one night, while I was watching, with my eyes fixed on the door of expectation, from whence my beloved princess should come, I beheld that graceful cypress of fidelity approach me equipped with arms, and concealed from discovery by her dress, like the water of life, which is hid in darkness. 'Arise,' said she, 'quickly; every moment is precious.' I sprung up, and followed her to the royal stables, from whence she took two horses ready saddled and bridled, and giving them into my hand, re-entered her palace, and returned to me in a short time with two caskets of gold and jewels, with arms for our defence. We then mounted our horses, and pushed them on all night through the deserts. At day-break we alighted for a little to refresh ourselves and horses, and again set forward. Whilst we were riding along, that moon of beauty used sometimes to say to me, 'I have given up my friends, and relations, and reputation, and all for your sake; will you also behave to me like that faithless traitor, or will you remain firm to your promised attachment?' I always renewed my protestations of love and fidelity; and we travelled on in this manner for about a month, till one day

we unfortunately lost our way: after wandering about for some time, we at last came to the banks of a very broad and deep river, over which we had to pass. The heat of the day was excessive, and we were much fatigued. I said to my faithful companion, 'You had better rest a little under this tree, while I go along the banks, and try to find some bridge or other means to get over.' She accordingly sat down, and I pushed my horse on a considerable way by the river side, but could discover no passage by which we might cross. Giving up the search, therefore, as fruitless, I returned to the tree; but judge what were my feelings when I found my princess gone. It instantly occurred to me we had been followed by some villains, who had carried her off to Shaum. Having changed my apparel, I immediately returned there, but could neither see nor hear any thing of my beloved.

"O! dervishes, with tears of blood gushing from my eyes, I wandered over various cities and countries in search of my beloved princess; but, alas! to no purpose. At last I said to myself,

'To bid adieu to the world for ever is the duty of every faithful lover who has lost his mistress.

'Life is only for enjoying the sight of our beloved:

'When she is no more, it becomes a burden.'

"And it was evident she did not live, or I must have seen or heard of her in all my travels. Forming, therefore, the resolution of killing myself, and coming with this intent to the foot of a mountain, I ascended it for the purpose of casting myself headlong down, and thus at once putting an end to all my troubles.

"Upon the top of the mountain, I observed a hermit who had spread the carpet of devotion at the foot a tree, and was engaged in reading the Koran. He also happening to observe me, called me to approach, and asked me about my adventures. I gave him a short account of all that had befallen me, and told him of the resolution I had formed. He heard me with attention, and then opening his lips with a placid smile, bid me be of good heart. 'Your mistress,' said he, 'whom you suppose dead, is still alive: you shall see her in health and safety, and a happy union shall at last crown your wishes. You must go to Constantinople, which lies in your way from hence, and there you shall meet with other three unfortunate dervishes, who, like yourself, are in pursuit of the ardent desires of their hearts. Upon the day you arrive there, you shall be introduced to

the king of that country, who has himself an earnest wish at heart, which he shall in time obtain, and be also the means of obtaining each of yours.'

"Upon hearing these good tidings, that I should again see my princess, and be united to her, I set out eagerly for this place, and to-day have found part of the hermit's prediction fulfilled, by meeting with you. Thus, brothers, have I finished my story: let him next recount his who has the heart to do it."

Azad Bukht, who all this time had been deeply interested in the dervish's words, now offered up his grateful thanks to that merciful court which attends to our petitions for the joyful prediction he had heard, that he should be blessed with a son.

The second dervish then began.—

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

AT a numerous meeting of respectable Young Ladies of this City, held at the sign of the "*Case is altered*," on the 20th inst. Miss Ann Lively was called to the chair, and Miss Louisa Defendant to perform the duties of secretary. After a lengthy discussion, upon the point of VIRTUE and HONOUR, the following resolutions were unanimously adopted:—

Resolved, That it is the duty of our Sex to support the reputation and sense of our utility to the community; and by all means in our power to thwart the false accusations that are publicly poured out against us;—to destroy the malicious principles of our antagonists, and to bury in oblivion all tendencies of denying our usefulness to the human family.

Resolved, That a Committee of three be appointed to detect the author of a libel which appeared in the Philadelphia Repository on the 11th inst. under the signature of "A Misogamist;" and that the said Committee make report immediately after having received sufficient information of his character, name, and place of abode; in order to afford power to the meeting to handle said Misogamist as to them seems meet.

After which the following Ladies were appointed on the Committee—Miss Hannah Champion, Miss Susan Guard, and Miss Martha Vindictive.

Resolved, That the above proceedings be published in Mr. Hogan's Philadelphia Repository.

(Signed)

ANN LIVELY,

President prepar feminini.

Attest.

LOUISA DEFENDANT, Sec'y.

UNIO.

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

I HAVE now arrived at the age of fifty years, and am in possession of an income of one thousand pounds per annum. I have every necessary to make life agreeable, except two things, which are most conducive to the happiness of man, namely, a wife and children.

Bred from my infancy to despise the matrimonial state, I early imbibed a rooted and lasting prejudice against the fair sex. Unfortunate man! too late have I seen my error; but if sincere repentance can lessen the burthen, (which indeed is heavy) if a sincere desire to convince others of their blindness, and turn them from the thorny paths of celibacy, can in any manner be the means of lessening my sufferings, I may yet hope to enjoy some small share of comfort. If not, I at least deserve pity. This lamentation is not designed merely for entertainment, but from a hope that it may make the younger part of the community discountenance that false and unnatural state into which many have fallen, and which in me they see an example, and to silence those scribblers who endeavour (though I hope without success) to degrade the conjugal state; that state which has had the approval of the best and wisest men, and which was designed by the laws of God and man to exist.

When I look round, and observe my unrelieved, unconnected state in society, tottering on the brink of the grave, without a tender or affectionate companion of similar mind or manners, to comfort me in my old age; no children whose filial piety, and manly vigour would be ready to protect me from the insolence of others, or to defend me from the calamity to which my feeble age exposes me; but at best but a few rapacious vultures, impatiently waiting my exit, to inherit my fortune, for which I am only respected—The thought drives almost to distraction

a repenting

OLD BACHELOR.

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

MR. HOGAN,

I HAVE been induced to make the observations which follow, from a persuasion that the "Misogamist" would not make a reply; neither do I conceive him to be under the necessity of making any. The arguments which he has advanced have not been refuted either by "Mentor" or "Olivia:" the former, instead of refutation, has made assertions without proof, and decla-

mation without argument; interspersed with cautions to parents and children: and the latter has attempted to turn his piece into ridicule; which is well known to be the only resource when arguments are wanting.

In the course of my observations I shall confine myself only to "Mentor," leaving "Olivia" justly to suffer under the lash of universal contempt, which such scurrility merits, and with which it will indubitably meet.

I shall not point out every contradiction in the piece of "Mentor;" neither will I notice every absurdity it contains, but chiefly make my remarks on what appears most glaring.

I commence with his saying "that the ways of the vicious and abandoned" are the ways of the "advocates of celibacy." Here, Sir, is an assertion in absolute terms, in consequence of which we expect it will be proved; but we are put off with "it must be obvious to every man of sense." This is an easy way to substantiate an assertion. I am of opinion such proof would not be sufficient to convince a judge or jury, if the character of any person was impeached, and the accuser should be arraigned before them. They would require a reason why it should be "obvious to every person of sense;" and if it was not given, they would disregard the accuser's assertions, and accordingly condemn him. Hence, Sir, we may also disregard the assertions of "Mentor," and condemn his production as void of argument.

In the next paragraph we are informed that our city is "infested with libertines." Here the author appears to have forgotten that in his first paragraph he was "surprised to find one—" It is likewise paying a great compliment to Philadelphia, to say it is "infested with libertines." But why need I make any further remarks? it is barely (as I have said before) an "assertion without proof;" we may therefore conclude as with the former.

But the greatest absurdity in his production, is "Methinks I see in the Misogamist a man of the town, &c. endeavouring to allure some female into marriage." Was there ever a more ridiculous idea? a Misogamist! a professed hater of matrimony, wishing to marry;—of all absurdities, this is the most absurd!

Lastly, I proceed to enquire how much young men will be polished by keeping the "company of females?" According to "Mentor," by their soft manners and engaging conversation, they will give them a "polish which they would receive in no

other company." A truly great polish indeed can be acquired in the society of illiterate, uninformed females, whose whole education, perhaps, consists in reading, writing, arithmetic, and a few grammar rules; whose constant concerns are fashions, dress; and their favourite topics, balls, plays, parties, &c. If they can give a "polish," it will be that of buffoonery; to which all sensible men have an aversion.

PHILO-MISOGAMIST.

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

THE BANEFUL EFFECTS OF FLATTERY.

"Beware of him who flattereth with his lips."

FLATTERY is an art, in which most have made some proficiency, and what is made use of on a variety of occasions. It is generally used when we wish to gain some advantages from a person. The motives by which we are actuated to practise it, are interest and ambition. It is obvious that the effects are pernicious; but such is the weakness and vanity of human nature, that we are apt to give implicit credit to the fulsome poison of adulatory praise; so blinded are we by the depravity of our minds, so prone to pride and self-commendation, that few of us look into the mirror of internal deformity. Let every rational and thinking being view for a moment the sordidness of his inclinations and desires, and he will, instead of thinking himself a subject worthy of praise, exclaim in the language of Job, "*Behold, I am vile.*"

Whatever specious pretensions some endeavour to shew it has to delicacy of sentiment, or tenderness of feeling, it is in fact varnished lying, dissimulation, and falsehood: for the flatterer must necessarily suppose the person flattered insensible of his real designs; as no one would practise deception, where he feared a discovery. We cannot suppose a person flattered where the thing praised is deserving of it, but only where there is no claim to real merit.

Flattery is replete with innumerable paradoxes, but differs radically from most other paradoxes, in never admitting demonstrations; for as the foundation is not composed of truth, how can it be demonstratively proven? Flattery is a dangerous snare, even to the wisest; but over ignorance and simplicity it will soon prevail. It consists in representing things better than they really are,—it is sublime falsehood, calculated to please the imagination, to ex-

alt our opinion of ourselves, and to gratify our follies and caprices. It blinds the understanding, deceives the judgment, and acts in open violation to reason. It derides, while it seems to praise. If truth, candour and reason command our faith, it will afford us this lesson,—“That self-abasement is honourable, while self-praise is contemptible.” Now in this view there are self-flatterers, as well as those that flatter others; and that every man who is contending for the dignity of human grandeur, is sounding his own praise with a borrowed trumpet.

Man boasts much of his reason and sound judgment; and truly here is a wonderful display of these noble faculties!—from the necessary design of flattery, to deceive,—and its natural composition, falsehood,—we may justly pronounce it a vice which ought to be avoided; but custom reasons quite otherwise, and exhorts us to the diligent cultivation of it, as an indispensable requisite, in social connections. On the contrary, however, it is destructive of real friendship, while sincerity is an evidence of a true friend.

None I presume can vindicate this *polite* art on the grounds of truth and morality. Flattery, with all her fading charms, invites giddy mortals to her fashionable standard;—but reason threatens her deluded and misguided sons with ruin, misery and woe.

L.

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

MR. HOGAN,

I WAS extremely surprised to see the “Hermit” noticed in such flattering terms, by my unknown friend SHEVA, conscious as I must be that they are unmerited. Could I believe the author sincere in his remarks, I should think myself bound to return him my warmest thanks; but in my opinion, praise so lavishly bestowed, has so much the appearance of censure, that I scarcely know whether I should thank him for the former, or acknowledge that I have deserved the latter.

But lest I should incur the charge of ingratitude, I observe, that if he is sincere in his praises, I thank him heartily for his good opinion: should the contrary be the case, I think the name of *friend* somewhat inconsistent, and disagreeing with the foregoing part of his letter.

I am, as circumstances may be, his grateful or chagrined humble servant.

Your's as usual,

SAM SCRIBLER.

Small Talk,

NO. III.

“Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori.”

THE CHEVALIER BAYARD,

AFTER having received his “death-wound,” was lying at the foot of a tree, in the most excruciating agonies of death, when the Duke of Bourbon passing by, addressed him, saying, “he was much concerned to see a person of his merit in such a situation.” Captain Bayard replied to him, saying, “There is no concern due to me, for I die like an honest man; but I indeed am concerned for you, fighting as you are against your prince, your country, and your oath.” Captain Bayard shortly afterwards drew his last breath.—“Now where lay the glory?—on the side of the conqueror?—or was not the fate of the dying soldier far preferable to his?” [Rollin.]

“Quia id ego exiguo navigio facio, latro vocor; quia tu magna classe imperator.”

A PIRATE,

Having been taken by Alexander the Great, was asked by that conqueror, “what right he thought he had to infest the seas?” “The same,” answered he, boldly, “that you have to overturn the world; but because I do it in a small vessel, I am called a *robber*, and you, doing it with a large fleet, are stiled a *conqueror*.”

“An example worthy of imitation.”

A PRIVATE SOLDIER,

In the great Condé's army, being ill-treated by a general officer, and struck several times with a cane, for some disrespectful words he had let fall, answered coolly, “that he would soon make him repent of it.”

Fifteen days after, the same general officer ordered the colonel of the Trenches to find him out a bold and intrepid fellow, for some daring enterprize, for which he promised 100 pistoles. The soldier before mentioned, who passed for the bravest in the regiment, offered his service; and taking with him thirty of his comrades, of whom the choice was left to himself, he discharged his commission, which was extremely hazardous, with incredible courage and success. Upon his return, the general officer highly commended him, and gave him the 100 pistoles he had promised. The soldier presently distributed them among his comrades, saying, “he did not serve for pay;” and demanded only, if they thought his late action worthy of recompence, that they would make him an offi-

cer. “And now, Sir,” adds he, to the general, who did not know him, “I am the soldier you so much abused fifteen days ago; I told you then that I would make you repent it.”

The officer, in great admiration, melting into tears, threw his arms round his neck, begged his pardon, and gave him a commission that very day.

Under his patronage, the noble-minded soldier rose by degrees, until he himself became a general officer.

A translation of GRANDPRE'S *Voyage to Bengal*, has lately been published in London, from which we have selected, for the amusement of our readers, the following description of a

TIGER-HUNT.

“Elephants are common all over this country, and are trained to every sort of employment, even to hunting the Tiger. It is customary to fasten on the back of this huge animal, a pavilion, large enough to hold five or six persons, who ascend to it by a ladder, which afterwards is suspended to the crupper. When a tiger is to be hunted, the persons who engage in the amusement, get into this pavilion, and have several well-trained dogs, that beat the country before them. The elephant follows the dogs till he gets scent of the tiger, which he does generally at a great distance, for his senses are extremely acute. Immediately he raises his trunk in the air, like the mast of a ship, and seems anxious to keep it from being laid hold of by his enemy. On this signal, the hunters prepare to fire, if it should be necessary. The dogs, in the mean time, press upon the tiger, who no sooner perceives the elephant, than he stands immovable, his mouth open, and claws extended, roaring dreadfully, and watching every motion of the elephant with the greatest attention. The latter approaches within the length of his trunk, which he still keeps erect, and out of danger. The two animals, for a moment, look at each other, and this is the time when the hunters usually fire. The shot makes the tiger start, on which the elephant seizes him, and dexterously lifting him up with his trunk, and letting him fall again, crushes him to death by treading on him, and forces his entrails thro' the wounds. Whenever a tiger makes his appearance near any place that is inhabited, he is hunted in this manner; and the amusement is attended with so little danger, that ladies are often of the party.”

The work, from which the above is extracted, is now reprinting in Boston.

[N. Eng. Pal.]

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

A Free Translation

OF THE

LATIN ODE,

Which appeared in the Repository, vol. 3,

pag. 144. By the rev. Henry Boyd, M. A.

To Julius Florus.

THROUGH the fading leaves behold,
(Softly ting'd with green and gold)
Where the purple clusters glow,
Ponderous on the bended bough,
Jolly Autumn leads the way;
But behind, with ringlets grey,
Riding on the rolling sphere,
Winter claims the sullen year:
Yet the Loves, a laughing train,
Cheer the tyrant's torpid reign.
There the virgin's seeming flight,
Caught at last by simple sight:
There resentment fires the mind,
At the balmy kiss purloin'd,
Till Cupid ends the amorous broil
With the sun-shine of a smile:
Bacchus brings the muse along,
Wine awakes the main song:
Nor will midnight yield to day,
The tuneful wreath, if no delay
Keep my Florus from his friend,
When the twilight shades descend.
Heed not Boreas when he blows,
Moulding sleet, and sifting snows;
Ocean owns the tyrant's sway,
Yet he blows our cares away.
Varying seasons, as they roll,
Fail to change the stedfast soul;
Striking soon, or ling'ring late,
Calmly she salutes her fate

REMARKS.

The above was published in the *Anthologia Hibernica*, April, 1793; but, as a translation, is not deserving of much credit. In all translations, the epithets and figures ought assuredly to be preserved, because in these is found the spirit of the author, and no new ones ought to be admitted.

Mr. Boyd, has, however, disregarded this; and almost every line exhibits a new epithet or a new metaphor. As an imitation, the piece is by no means destitute of merit; his figures are bold and correct, his language appropriate, and the whole composition spirited. The fault lies in giving it to the world as a translation. In some places he seems to me to have mistaken the meaning—*Glacialis anno mox hyems volente aderit capillis horrida canis*, he translates,

"But behind, with ringlets grey,
"Riding on the rolling sphere,
"Winter claims the sullen year;"

which has scarcely a semblance of the original. *Simulantis iram* he translates by re-

sentment firing the mind: it is true, he afterwards introduces Cupid to quiet their quarrels; but of this the writer of the ode takes no notice. If it be a modern production, the author seems to have imitated Virgil, 3d Ecl. 64 & 65 lines. *Malo me Galatea petit, lasciva puella: Et fugit ad salices et se cupit ante videri*—That merry girl, Galatea strikes me with an apple, and runs to hide among the willows, but first wishes to be seen. In the last verse, Mr. Boyd's production is truly original; his making Boreas mould sleet, and sift snows, savours a little of the ludicrous;—the figure, as the Scotchman says, is *very new*.

In the following translation the author's epithets are preserved, and as much of the spirit as the genius of our language, and the skill of the translator will permit.

To Julius Florus.

THE ripening grape now loads the branch;
Autumn is come; and soon will frightful icy Winter,
With his hoary hairs, be present, rolling up the year.
Now, therefore, is the time to follow the slowly-flying
nymphs,
Detain the tremblers, and imprint kisses on the lips
Of the caught fair, counterfeiting anger.
Now is the time for those, merry with old wine,
To sing the pleasing song, and, with thy consent
O Florus, spend the festive night:
For, even now, behold, are not cares scattered around
By the northern blast? But, my friend, may your
Mind still possess the fortitude of a brave man, whether
The sorrowful hour of death fly near or at a greater
distance.

OBSERVATIONS.

This ode is certainly, if not the composition of Horace, a good imitation. The epicurean argument of, *Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die*, was the language of the day in which he wrote, and very often in divers beautiful expressions, he inculcates it through his works.

In Europe, critics have taken these two odes which have appeared in the Repository, into consideration: their authenticity has been supported by some, whilst others have endeavoured to prove them of modern production. It has been argued that the hand of the master is not seen; no bold poetical licences, such as *cervix rosea, trachia purpurea, candidiora nive, nemorum comæ*, &c. appear; but admitting this, still they are not without strong traits of originality. Perhaps there cannot be a stronger argument drawn than is afforded in the first verse. Viewing the sudden lapse of time, so quick is the transition,—now the prime of life, *discolor grandem gravet uva ramum*—its decline, *instat autumnus*,—and its close, *mox hyems*; the elegance of *instat*, and the

beauty of the change of expression, by the use of *mox*, incline me to believe it indeed the production of Horace. The moral of the whole ode is easily collected; it is, in short,—“Since life is full of cares, and we know not when we will be called from this world, let us diligently improve the present moment.”

X. W. T.

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

MR. HOGAN,

HAVING a leisure hour, I devote it to the public, in order to give them my ideas of our *modern beaux*.

They are the most ridiculous animals in nature. They possess the human form as it were, by usurpation: they are a pest to all honest and industrious men: they resemble very much in manners and disposition the ape, and their occupations seem to be of the same kind. They are a collected and cemented mass of folly; their dress is truly ludicrous; and, monkey-like, they make it their business to strut about, seeking the admiration of the idle spectators: they are objects worthy of it, indeed! I imagine, as they have become so numerous, and lounge about the city in such mobs, impeding the progress of the industrious citizens, that they will be seized by government as a nuisance, and exposed to public sale: in that case, I most assuredly shall make a purchase of one of them as a companion for my cat; a monkey and a cat, when together, afford much mirth: in the first place, as the cut of his hair denotes him a frizure, he will have occasion to exercise his talents that way, by shaving his companion; as an hostler (his coat being made after the manner of those people in England) he will find employment in the stable; and as his splatterdashes bespeaks him a soldier, he will have frequent opportunities of signalizing himself in the field, by aiding his companion in laying siege to the rats and mice. His vanity may likewise be gratified by marching up and down the barn-yard, to the entire admiration and surprise of the poultry.

AMANDA.

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

ON HOPE.

It was and is the only balm,
The restless mind to ease and calm,
The sorrows of the heart to soothe,
And vivify the soul.....

WHEN anxiety occupies the mind, when the breast is troubled, and pants with fear, HOPE, like an agreeable messenger,

advances with the laurel-bush in one hand, and a shield in the other, embellished with twilight pearls, and tapers the gloomy thoughts with consolation.

Whilst the pensive heart is oppressed with fear, HOPE breathes its vivifying gale, and sprinkles in its cordial balm. The soul is animated with the fair ideas of acquiring the object which it most desires. This vigour and vivacity is accompanied with contentment and satisfaction; and however presumptive its expectations may be, yet while these hold possession, future prospects are as though they were already realized.

Is there any thing more agreeable to the sensation of man than that which expels sorrow from the heart; that which animates the whole system, and gives the mind a bright aspect of future things.

Fountain from whence descending waters, chrysal clear,—

To Nature, balsam, and an antidote to fear;

Rush thro' the thorax, and pass the thickets of the shore,

With vital essence my dejected heart restore.

R.

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

The Melancholist, No. 1.

NOTWITHSTANDING I have chosen a name denoting that I am a poor, sorrowful creature, yet my readers will find that I have selected a title quite contrary to my nature. Many of them will wonder, when they see the "MELANCHOLIST," and say, "What can a person write under a title so curious?—I will see." Others will pass me over, saying, "I am gloomy enough already; I will not read any thing to add to my melancholy." But (I address you all, young and old, rich and poor, male and female) those who think I am not worth perusing, will never trouble me; and those, on the contrary, who give me a reading, will perhaps be rewarded for their trouble; at least I shall endeavour to entertain them.

As I am a singular character, I will begin with my own history.—"Who wants to hear your history?" says the Lady Haughty.—"Don't read a bit further, ma'am;—leave off,—I insist upon it; for those who despise my *number one*, ought not to read my *number two*."

PETER PENSIVE was born in Philadelphia, once the metropolis of the United States, of honest parents, (at least he never saw any thing to the contrary; but honest people are so rare at present, that we must

be careful we do not wrong persons when we assert they are honest). I do not recollect any thing of myself till I was five years of age, (and how should I, when every person must know I was quite a child) except that I was in existence. Some said I was very handsome, and others said I was wicked and mischievous; but I don't believe it, for how could Peter Pensive be mischievous. I spent a few years in diverting myself at various amusements, which children are fond of; but what was very singular, I was particularly fond of going to school, and nothing would tempt me to leave my book, for the purpose of playing; by which means I became a favourite of the master's, and received many niceties which my school-fellows were deprived of; but I never created their envy by telling them of it. By a constant attention to my studies, I became a proficient in them;—in fact, I was sometimes vain of my abilities, and once undertook to rectify my master, at which he was so offended (although, by the bye, I was far from being wrong) that I never was able to reinstate myself in his good opinion. It was then found necessary to remove me to another school, where I had the fortune or misfortune (which you please) to become acquainted with the scholars of the feminine gender. My books were now entirely neglected; I paid them peculiar attention, and they always signalized me in turn. But it was a signalization I was not very ambitious of, (naturally of a peaceable disposition, I was averse to fighting) for every little affront they received I was called upon to avenge. A constant succession of quarreling was very irksome; but I was compelled to conquer my natural antipathy, and had the honour of partaking of several bloody noses and black eyes. In these encounters I seldom came off victor; for my school-fellows envied me not a little for the partiality which was shown to me on every occasion by the ladies, and embraced every opportunity of being revenged, and I had frequently two, three, and four antagonists at a time. I found if I continued in this way, I should be likely to be deprived of a valuable member, perhaps an eye. I therefore deserted the girls, (to their no small mortification) and again betook myself to study, in which I progressed with rapidity, so that by the time I arrived at the age of sixteen, it was thought proper to take me from school, particularly as I was so extremely saucy, that I often took the liberty to dispute with my master. Sometimes I came off victorious, but more frequently had the honour of being hoisted on a comrade's back, to receive

the correction, which, in the master's opinion, I merited, for what he termed my ignorance and impudence, but which I construed into a want of knowledge in him.

I am determined to be candid with my readers; I therefore inform them, that I feel a fit of melancholy coming over me, and when that is the case, I am entirely incapacitated for writing; but shall resume my pen at a future period.

PETER PENSIVE.

ANECDOTES.

A grave magistrate was sitting at table between two young coxcombs, who took it into their heads to turn him into ridicule. "Gentlemen," said he, "I plainly perceive your design; you wish to make me the butt of your wit and pleasantry; but I must beg leave to give you a just idea of my character; be it known to you, therefore, that I am not precisely a fool, neither am I altogether a fop, but (as you see) something between both."

A Few years since, James Malone, Esq. Mayor of Cork, imagining, if he could strip the beggars of the miserable and sickly appearance they generally made, he should divest them of the strongest claim to the charity of the humane, came to the following agreement with one Geoghegan, one of the constables, who was by trade a barber, viz.—He directed the barber to seize all the beggars he found strolling within the limits of the city, for each of whom he promised a reward; but instead of bringing them before him (the Mayor) he was to take them to his shop, and there shave, wash, dress, and powder them in the genteel manner. He seized about half a dozen, and with the assistance of razors, wash-ball, scissors, and powder-puffs, he so completely metamorphosed them, that those whom he apprehended as mendicants, when they left his shop, appeared like macaronies, at least upon the head. This laughable scheme was attended with such success, that the whole tribe (during Squire Malone's mayoralty) avoided his jurisdiction as carefully as if it was visited by a pestilence.

A Barber, near Shore-ditch, who has lately added bookselling to his former profession, has humourously attempted to make himself conspicuous, by the exhibition of a painted board in his window, on which is the following singular couplet:

"Two trades in one, as here, you'll seldom find,
"Wigs grace the head, and Books adorn the mind."

PHILADELPHIA,

JUNE 25, 1803.

INVENTIONS & IMPROVEMENTS.

MR. PEPYS, jun. has lately constructed the most powerful Galvanic apparatus that has yet been produced. It consists of 60 pairs of zinc and copper plates, disposed in two troughs, constructed on Mr. Cruikshank's plan, but with some accompanying arrangements, which are extremely convenient and useful. The experiments made with this apparatus by Mr. Pepys, on the deflagration of metals, were the most brilliant and splendid ever beheld in London; of which the following account will give some idea:—

"The trough was filled with 32 lbs. of water, and mixed with 2 lbs. of concentrated nitrous acid. With this charge, iron wires of 1-20th to 1-10 of an inch in diameter, were deflagrated with great splendor.—A number of the small ones twisted together, produced somewhat like a little brush deflagration.—Charcoal of box-wood, was not only deflagrated at the place of contact, but remained permanently red hot, and emitting with the flame.—Tin-foil burnt with great splendor, with smoke and sparks.—Dutch leaf of brass-foil deflagrated vividly, with smoke, and a profusion of sparks.—Silver leaf deflagrated with a bright white light.—Tin-wire, 1-8th of an inch in diameter, fused, burnt and oxidized, with great splendor.—Platina wire, 1-16th of an inch in diameter, became red hot, white and fused into globules at the contact.—Gunpowder, phosphorus, and inflammable substances, are instantly fired by contact with conductors armed with charcoal. The Galvanic power was capable of deflagrating charcoal, after passing thro' 16 persons with wetted hands joined.

[*Lon. Pa.*]

NEW KIND OF BRICKS.

MR. RAWSTHORNE, the architect, has lately invented a new kind of Bricks, dove-tailed into each other, for constructing arches for the ceiling of rooms, &c. in lieu of timber. This method requires very little, if any, additional thickness of walls or abutments, and it may be constructed so as to be perfectly secure against fire. The expence of finishing buildings by it is little more than that of timber.

[*Bou. Mag.*]

INTELLIGENCE.

GENERAL STATISTICAL TABLE

For the United States.

EVERY inquisitive American will consider himself much indebted to Mr. Blodget, for the pains he has taken in collating and preparing the summary view of the progressive population, increase of improvements, and augmentation of the wealth and resources of the United States. Our population has more than doubled since the year 1774. The improvement of lands has kept pace nearly in the same proportion.—Our seamen are nearly four times as numerous. Domestic produce has increased six-fold. In 1801 our exports exceeded fifteen times the proportion of 1774, and were nearly 12 times as great the last year. The tonnage of merchantmen is almost five times as great. The revenue has

tripled, and the expenditures, owing in part to the redemption of the public debt, have almost quadrupled. The average price of labour has increased three-fold, that of wheat has more than doubled. The metallic medium is more than four times as great. The nominal public debt appears to have been reduced to less than one half. The active sinking fund is nearly nine millions of dollars.—And the resources which may be derived from the future sales of lands will in all probability surpass five hundred millions of dollars.

No power in the Universe can exhibit so flattering a prospectus of real national wealth and prosperity as the United States. [*Rel's Gaz.*]

KINGSTON, (ESOPUS) JUNE 9.

"LAST night was committed to goal in this town, a black girl about 17 years of age, for the murder of a child about six years old, belonging to Mr. Abraham Bruyn, of Shawingunk. The murder was committed on Tuesday, about 3 o'clock P. M. She had taken it about 200 yards from the house to a mill-pond, where she cut its throat, and then threw it into the pond. Near night the child was missed, when an immediate search was made by the neighbours. The pond was drawn off, at the bottom of which the child was found, where the girl had thrown it in. She had been seen near the spot in the afternoon, and her tracks in the sand were well known, from the loss of a great toe. She persisted in denying the fact for some time, but at length confessed it, alleging, that she had been instigated by the advice of a black woman, who told her that if she would murder one of the children, it would procure her milder treatment from her master and mistress, (Mr. and Mrs. Bruyn). She will probably receive her trial and sentence at the ensuing circuit court."

THE following melancholy and very affecting event took place at Lee, (Mass.) on the 19th ult. A son of Mr. Cornelius Hamblin, who was between 8 and 9 years of age, feeling in a playful mood after the school which he attended was dismissed for an intermission at noon, took hold of a false mantle tree stone, which had been put up in the school-house, for the purpose of contracting the fire place, and having swung his feet against the back of the chimney, pulled the stone over, which fell directly on his head, and broke his skull in a most shocking manner. His legs and the lower part of his body fell into a bed of hot coals and embers, and as there were none but small children in the house, he lay in this situation until his body was exceedingly burnt. He died in about half an hour.

DR. LAMBE, of London, has lately published "Medical cautions against the use of water in lead pipes, pumps, cisterns," &c. The New-York Aqueduct Corporation supply the citizens with water thro' leaden pipes, and Dr. L's publication has, of course, attracted some attention in that city.

A lot of old pamphlets, published about the time of the Usurpation, was on Saturday knocked off at Leigh and Sotheby's, for the moderate price of 75 guineas!!! [*Lon. Pap.*]

The Volume of Poems, recently published in England, written by Nathaniel Bloomfield, brother to the author of the Farmer's Boy, is now republishing in New-York.

A London article of the 2d of May, says—"TOUSSANT LOUVREURE is dead. He died, according to the letters from Besancon, in prison, a few days ago. The fate of this man has been singularly unfortunate, and his treatment most cruel. He died, we believe, without a friend to close his eyes.—We have never heard that his wife and children, though they were brought over from St. Domingo with him, have ever been permitted to see him during his imprisonment."

Marriages.

MARRIED, on the 15th inst. at Rockford, the seat of the late Gen. Hand, Samuel Betbel, esq. to Miss Hand, eldest daughter of Gen. Hand.

—, on the 21st inst. by the Rev. Dr. Green, Mr. Joseph Rhodes, to Miss Maria N. Cranston, both of this city.

—, on the 25d inst. by the Rev. Dr. Helmuth, Mr. George Thompson, merchant, to Miss Elizabeth Pepper, daughter of Mr. Henry Pepper, all of this city.

—, same day, by the Swedes' minister, Mr. P. Burns, of Ireland, to Miss Nancy Matson, of this city.

—, on the 23d inst. by the Rev. Mr. Potts, Mr. James Paxson, of Lancaster county, to Miss Elizabeth Thomson, daughter of Col. Thomson, of Chester county.

—, on the 23d inst. by the Rev. Dr. Green, Mr. William Troth, to Miss Nancy Castle, grand-daughter of Worley Ames, Esq. all of this city.

Deaths.

DIED, suddenly on the 14th inst. at his farm, near Alexandria, Mr. William Henry Washington, a gentleman of the most engaging manners and universal benevolence. His death is attributed to a stroke of the sun, on Saturday the 3d inst. while under arms attending a company muster.

—, at Germantown, on the 15th inst. Isaac Potts, of Cheltenham, Montgomery county, aged 52 years. An irreparable loss to his family: a loss to society in general. He was a man who possessed in an eminent degree those virtues which adorn the human character. For more than 25 years he was a minister of the gospel among the people called Quakers; and his labours were highly beneficial in quickening and establishing many serious Christians; and in promoting many others to a solicitous attention to the things which belong to their eternal peace.

—, on the 19th inst. much regretted by her family and friends, Anna Clifford, widow of the late Thomas Clifford, in the 85th year of her age.

—, on the 21st inst. Daniel Goodman, aged 18 years, eldest son of Mrs. Phoebe Goodman, and lately resident with Messrs. Potter and Page.

Wells, (Maine) June 17.—From the 9th of April to the 24th of May, died at the widow Rachel Crideford's house, three young women, and a child about 6 years old, with what is called the W. India fever.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

A proposed *System of Short-hand Printing*, by Mr. R. P. shall have a conspicuous place in our next.

Anna, a Tale—under consideration.

A lover of Matrimony, and *A Widow*, came too late for examination last week—they will find their observations chiefly anticipated by what has already appeared upon the subject of which they treat.

The Old Bachelor's note is satisfactory.

Peter Tibbumbob is rejected for a particular reason.

S. L. S. in our next.—Several other communications are received.

Another error has occurred in the list of *Marriages*—article third, in our last, for "Mr. Graff," read "Mr. Graffion." Correspondents are requested to be more careful in future in transmitting notices of marriages for the press, as disagreeable consequences sometimes arise from mistakes in the names.

TEMPLE of the MUSES.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

THE CONFLICT.

"Amor vincit omnia."

****'s return'd, yet I no joy can find;
I am deceiv'd, and **** is unkind;
Disdainful frowns dwell on that beauteous face,
Which lovely playful smiles were wont to grace.
"Come, cool Indifference! and heal my breast;
"Weary'd, at length I seek thy downy rest."

Oh jealousy, black fiend! you have a pang
More sharp and poignant than the adder's fang,
And having gain'd admittance to my breast,
You rankle at my heart, and murder rest.
"Oh! pain to think another shall possess
"Those balmy lips which I had hop'd to press."

From my all-burthen'd heart I'll quickly tear
All fond affection for the cruel Fair;
Yes, tho' my heart-strings burst, I am resolv'd
To be no more in Love's abyss involv'd.
"Not all her charms my steady soul shall move,
"And she shall find that Reason conquers Love."

I, tho' a youth, without one power to charm,
Presumptuous strove, (nor ever thought it harm);
Yet had my doubts, if I'd successful prove,
To gain the all accomplish'd ****'s love.
"None without hope e'er lov'd the brightest fair;
"But love can hope when reason would despair."

For my presumption I am punish'd now;
Cupid, before whose hallow'd shrine I bow,
Will no assistance give, will lend no aid,
But laughs in concert with the scornful maid.
"Yet still unchang'd, still doting to excess,
"I ought, but dare not try to love you less."

What pleasing charms are in my rival found,
That have you in Love's silken fetters bound?
He fairer may, and more accomplish'd be—
But can he boast a heart so true to thee?
"Has he, like me, with long obedience strove,
"To conquer your disdain, and merit love?"

His thoughts, like mine,—are they all bent on you?
Or does he not some other fair pursue?—
The love of other maids I do disdain—
I only wish sweet ****'s love to gain.

"Has he with transport every smile ador'd,
"And dy'd with grief at each ungentle word?"

Oh may he love another, and not thee,
And thou, perfidious fair, thus punish'd be—
May all thy charms, oh thou ungrateful maid,
Like the neglected blo. sou—droop and fade—

NOTE.

* Quotations from Lord Lyttleton, some of them so clipp'd
that if his lordship saw them, he would scarcely know
them for his own, or if by chance he should, would not
own them—"Sic transit gloria mundi."

—(Pause)—

"Could thy heart bear to see its **** grieve?
"Would this, fond youth, thy poignant pangs relieve?"

—Ah no!—May angels hover round her bed;
Soft be the pillow which supports her head;
May some protecting power be ever near
To quiet ev'ry dread, hush ev'ry fear.
"Protect her, Heav'n, and never let her know
"The slightest part of hapless Selwyn's woe."

—(Pause)—

—'You have no rival (all your fears are vain)
'Save in the workings of your love-sick brain;
'Your fond attentions she does not despise,'—
Reflection said—I answer'd her with sighs.
"For my own peace, I'll think my mistress just,
"And wisely take my happiness on trust."

Come, Hope! again I ask thy presence here;
Come, smiling come, and whisper in my ear,
'That all her frowns, her chilling frowns, were feign'd,
'And that the ALL-ACCOMPLISH'D may be gain'd.'
"I was only modesty that seem'd disdain,
"And her heart suffer'd when she gave me pain."

Pleas'd with this thought, I'll give to love full scope;
Tho' threaten'd by her frowns, I still will hope—
Had I no eyes my very ears would love,
Or were I deaf her outward charms would move.
"I would not, now, could Love permit, be free,
"But leave to brutes their savage liberty."

SELWYN.

MR. HOGAN,

The following Verses were written on the Author's being
obliged to quit playing on the FLUTE, on account of the
injury it did to his health. If you think them worthy,
please to give them a place in your paper. C.

ADIEU, my tuneful FLUTE! adieu for ever!
Thy pleasing sounds no more shall meet my ear;
Necessity, imperious, bids us sever—
Ah! ne'er again shalt thou my bosom cheer.

Oh that the Fates to me had prov'd propitious,
And still my willing hand had dar'd to play,
It would have crown'd my bosom's utmost wishes,
And banish'd Care far—far from me away.

For ah, when Music pours her pleasing measures,
No goading care can rack th' enraptur'd breast,—
Soft, gentle sounds 'wake to extatic pleasures,
And soothe the passions of the soul to rest.

When day's bright orb his latest emanation
Has shed along the bosom of the deep,
When balmy sleep has wrapt the whole creation,
And on the tranquil waves the moon-beams sleep—

(Then is the time when ev'ry discord ceases,
When solemn silence reigns from pole to pole,
Then is the time when, most, soft music pleases,
And then the time to cheer the sinking soul)

—Then,—if I dare,—in some sequester'd bower,
In deep and awful solitude profound,
I'd with my Flute enjoy the ev'ning hour,
While answer'ing Echo should return the sound.

....But like the exile, from his country driven,
I sigh for what I never can attain.—
—He thinks his native land an earthly heaven—
—I, on my Flute still think,—and think with pain,

Adieu, my tuneful FLUTE! adieu for ever!
Thy pleasing sounds no more shall meet my ear;
Necessity, imperious, bids us sever,—
Ah! ne'er again shalt thou my bosom cheer.

But tho' thy sounds rest in eternal slumbers,
Tho' I dare never, never play again;
Yet still thy loss, in sweet elegiac numbers,
I'll mourn—the cause of all my present pain.

CARLOS.

Philadelphia, June 2d, 1803.

SELECTED.

FRIENDSHIP:

AN ODE.

By J. H. L. Hunt.

SWEET to the captive's raptur'd ear
Gay Freedom trills her airy song;
And gaily to the eye of Care
The golden morning floats along;
And lively to the wither'd glade
Is wak'ning Spring's enamell'd brow;
And rapt'rous to the weeping maid
Reviving Love's ecstatic vow:

But when pale Sorrow's languid eye
With tears of chrysal is bedew'd,
Tho' Friendship's smile betrays a sigh,
With sweeter charms it is endur'd.
And sweeter than the airy lay
Of Freedom to the captive's ear;
And gayer than the dawning day,
That dances to the eye of Care;

And livelier than the colour'd brow
Of Spring, that paints the wither'd glade;
And more enraptur'd than the vow
In Love's returning transports made.
Then, where, O where's the drooping heart,
If, while the storms of anguish blow,
Fair Friendship from the tempest start,
And smile a rainbow on our woe?

And where's the foot that faintly treads
Life's wide and weary vale along,
If roses on its path she spreads,
And warbles round her thrilling song?
No such has heavenly Virtue found
Within the precincts of her sway;
Nor flying Fancy's airy round
Encircled in its magic way.

For when she shows her hallow'd form,
Eternal sunshine decks the sky;
Peace calms to rest the turbid storm,
And toil, and grief, and anguish die!
Hope is not there, for all is given
That Fancy's happiest thoughts reveal;
Bliss, such as blooms the flow'r of Heaven,
And rapture such as angels feel.